

EDGAR PERCY'S DEATH.

The Strange Story of a Plot to Defraud Insurance Companies.

Dr. Winter, sitting at his breakfast table, was drying the morning paper, still damp and exhaling the odor of the press, before the fire, while his eyes rested now and then on a number of letters brought in by the postman.

The Doctor was a middle-aged bachelor, well-to-do in the world, and having, for comfortable practice, a life had gone on smoothly enough for him, with scarcely a break worth recording. He had no mournful memories of the past; his affections had never been blighted; his youth he had spent in getting rich, and now he was satisfied with his worldly accumulations, but in no haste to secure aid to dissipate them.

But the dead levels of life get strangely stirred now and then; and as Dr. Winter unfolded the paper, his eye fell upon a paragraph headed "Sudden Death—Our readers will regret to learn of the sudden demise of the talented young artist, Edgar Percy. He was found dead in his apartment last evening. His disease was probably some organic affection of the heart. We are as yet unable to give further particulars."

"Edgar Percy dead! Why, it was only yesterday afternoon that I met him in perfect health!"

He took up his hat and gloves with the intention of visiting Percy at his lodging, and was carelessly putting the letters away, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Percy's hand! Sealed with black too! I wonder I did not notice it before. Can it be possible that he writes to tell me of his own death?"

Dr. Winter sat down again, and opened the sombre misere. It was dated the evening before, and sure enough Edgar Percy's name was signed to it. Dr. Winter read:

"My Dear Friend:

"It is now time for us to part—for me to die, for you to live; and which of us meets the best fate, God only knows." Do you remember those